



The Last Party



👁 25 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Artheimr

This world is always a choice between life or death as everyone hides those wounds. Even when cornered, they frantically run away. Even if I have to bear the weight of the cross, we're always stealing and searching for the meaning of life in each other. I don't want to compromise this motivation.

Both tears and pain will eventually return to the ground whence they came. The case is as if I'm not sleeping.

For now, anything goes in this party, just being a guest won't satisfy me.

It's useless to try and make everything perfect.

Just according to the situation, you won't advance.

Whether this is hell or heaven all depends on you.

Keep holding onto my hand forever.

If I could get past pain and sacrifice, maybe my sins would weigh lighter on my shoulders.

Let's have some more fun

Yesterday, today, and tomorrow

Slash your way in

See more of Story Wars

When you've done it over, the rest of the world will be left in the end.

If this is a once-in-a-lifetime chance, I'll take it. I'll take it with my heart and mind.

Even if I can't go back, what I say is true.

Login

or

Create new account

PARTY!

This is the real party!

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account